

# HOLLAND WONDERS: Will the New Heir to the Dutch Throne Be a Boy or a Girl?

Everybody Hopes for a "Krolleboil," and to That End Wilhelmina's Subjects and Kinfolks Have Sent Pants, Caps and Cradles, All Decorated With Blue, to the Royal Mansion.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

The Hague, Oct. 25.—The vestibule of the Royal Palace is beginning to look like the delivery-room of some large department store; but the thousands of packages stacked up on tables, chairs and benches or for want of better accommodation, on the floor, have one thing in common, whatever their size or valuation: All contain as the piece de resistance a pair of youthful breeches.

Pants, pants, pants—a daisy, a daisy, a Niagara of pants! of all colors and stuffs, plain and ornate; diminutive military pantaloons, courtly breeches, phillibegs a la Esau, voluminous "small breeches" as the Dutch peasant would term them, and fashionable trousers that turn up on their own accord when it rains in Piccadilly.

Silk pants and velvet pants, pants of broadcloth, and common, ordinary, everyday jeans—every Dutch frau is building one bird or the other for the little stranger soon to arrive, and sending the product of her skill to Wilhelmina.

And her Majesty has the pants stretched across clothes-horses and hung up in the armory of the castle, which she visits every afternoon for her constitutional.

"It may sound funny, but I feel like a mother of ancient Greece who thought it her solemn duty to walk in the Parthenon at Athens in the shadow of Pericles' and Phidias' beautiful statues," said the Queen to the wife of a foreign Minister who caught her proming among these significant gifts of her loyal people the other afternoon.

## HOPES FOR A BOY.

That the child which is soon to come into the Queen's life, will be a boy, everybody, Queen or washerwoman, hod carrier, sailor or Duke Hendrick, is hopeful. If the stork should be at all careless, it would be much more pleasant for the Prince Consort to go back to his Mecklenburg than to face his wife's disappointed subjects; for in the Netherlands the father of a mere girl baby is scornfully regarded. A law in Holland permits the States General—that is, the Dutch people—to divorce a royal consort who fails to come up to expectations.

And popular expectations run all in the male line. At the mere suggestion that the expected little one may not be a "Krolleboil," both men and women look daggers at the doubtful "Krolleboil" means hot-spur, mad-cap; for, of course, an ordinary "knabe" (boy) wouldn't do for the royal lady. The Dutch would have no respect for a Prince of Orange, or King, who promised to be as calm and conservative and collected as themselves. They want him wild, stubborn, extravagant—a fellow that gives the world food for talk—talk favorable if it can be unfavorable if must.

The expected "Krolleboil" is the sole subject of conversation nowadays. "We will make him a sailor Prince," say the wiseacres; "then he will keep away from Paris."

"No; he must be trained for the army, to be able to keep out the German Muffa, if necessary," cry the hot-headed, who not unfrequently fight for their opinions.

"But if the Queen shouldn't be willing to listen to your advice," interpolated the correspondent.

"Not listen!" vociferated wisecracks and hot-heads in unison. "Wilhelmina isn't fool enough to quarrel with her bread and butter. Because her father opposed the popular will, we cut his civil list down from 1,500,000 guilders (\$300,000), and that civil list can be

Increased or still more reduced at the people's pleasure."

There is something peculiarly paradoxical about these Dutch, combining sturdy republicanism with abject royalist sentiments. However, the hope for a "Krolleboil" is quite independent of royalism, and even of the love for Wilhelmina; for in private as well as in public life the Dutch have little use for a stork that brings girls.

## PERSONAL INTEREST.

Your correspondent, passing through one of the principal streets of the capital the other day, noticed that at its further end nearly every house was flagged, not in the national colors, but in blue bunting or silk. On inquiry, he learned that a "jongheer" (boy) had arrived at Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So's, living in that part of the street. Proud papa had no sooner proclaimed the fact by sticking a blue flag out of his window than the neighbors gleefully responded by decorating their own houses, according to time-honored custom. Thus a boy baby not only sheds a lot of light in his own parents' home, but also illuminates the firesides of friends and acquaintances—may those of many strangers, people who perhaps never heard of his father before he told of his "good luck" in the manner described. All Holland will be smothered in blue silk and bunting if the new heir to the Dutch throne proves to be a "Krolleboil."

If Wilhelmina were the cousin or sister of her two millions of female subjects, the latter couldn't be more solicitous for her welfare and comfort than they are. To hear the women talk, one would think they spoke and advised the Queen daily. They seem to know her most intimate habits and take an interest in all she does or doesn't do. And in the same manner they keep a watchful eye on Hendrick. If he should neglect or otherwise irritate his frau, he would be a sorry Duke indeed; for every able-bodied woman and girl in the kingdom would endeavor to scratch his eyes out.

While all feel called upon to provide pants for the expected royal child, the more skillful and well-to-do among the women give hats and caps in addition, and as babies' things don't vary much, whether intended for a little man or a little lady, the frills make the distinction clear by garnishing the articles with blue, which, in Holland, is the "male color." Luckily, the Netherlands are not as big and populous as Russia; otherwise, the rest of the world would have to go without blue ribbon for some time to come, or else pay an exorbitant price for same.

## MANY PUBLIC GIFTS.

Aside from individual contributions, the Queen is receiving offers of presents from cities, towns, villages, societies and corporations all the time. The women of Amsterdam, for instance, have ordered a diamond-bedizened cap for the expected heir—it must be an heir, as the cap is intended to fasten under the chin with blue ribbons. The bonnet, of the finest Brabant linen-batiste, is embellished with 200-year-old lace from the same Province. On the top and on the edges are floral leaves, embroidered in gold and set with the most beautiful white diamonds, alternating with rare Indian pearls.

The royal Ministers' ladies were made happy the other day by receiving news that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to accept the stockkissen offered by them. This is a sort of elaborate sack, open at one end, where the baby's body, wrapped in

swathing clothes, is inserted, the head alone remaining visible. By the nature of the thing, a stockkissen can be turned into a happy baby, and this particular one will surpass all others if the ladies' present plans are carried out; and fine linen, silk from India, gold embroidery and precious stones can be relied upon to produce a superior article of the sort under the hands of skilled needlewomen.

The "stockkissen" and a single shift will serve as baby's first garment, for the constitution provides that immediately after the birth, the Queen-mother, or, in her absence, the Queen's oldest female relative, must throw a shirt over the little one, place it in a stockkissen and lay the same on a golden tray. The tray is then carried by the court physician into an adjoining room, where the Ministers are assembled, and put down on a table; whereupon the Prime Minister removes the stockkissen and clothes, and with the concurrence of the others, announces the child's sex. After the announcement, the Ministers sign a protocol, setting forth that on a given day and hour a male (or female) child was born to the House of Orange "by the most pious Princess, Queen Emma," etc., etc.

## TWO BAPTISMAL DRESSES.

The women of The Hague have combined to give the baby a baptismal dress that shall be forever remembered by those seeing it. This garment will be of white silk, edged with ermine, and there will be decorations save twenty-one diamond buttons, each as big around as the tip of Wilhelmina's little finger. The number, it will be observed, corresponds to the Queen's age.

That the baby's dress shall not surpass the mother's, Wilhelmina has ordered a white velvet dress for herself. This, too, will have twenty-one buttons, each to be a pearl of unexcelled whiteness and brilliancy. All the first jewelers of Europe are engaged in collecting the pearls required by the Queen for that purpose.

Wilhelmina's velvet dress will be trimmed with old Brussels lace and end in a court train eleven yards long. The train consists of more than 100 ermine skins, the largest

number ever brought together for a single dress.

Your correspondent asked one of the committee ladies why the numerous donors of pants and other baby things invariably selected one of three colors—white, green or light gray. "That's easily explained," replied the lady; "her Majesty never wears any other colors but these."

## GORGEOUS SILVER CRADLE.

The nobility of the kingdom asked as a special favor to be allowed to furnish the baby with a cradle. Wilhelmina assented, but at the same time instructed her Court Marshal to accept the gift only if accompanied by a receipted bill; which precaution was undoubtedly due to the fact that the King of Italy was recently said for the value of the cradle that the city of Rome presented to his baby daughter.

The cradle offered is of solid silver, as is the statue of the angel with outspread wings, standing at its head. This angel is a feet high. The foot end is caught up by a sturdy cupid, smiling coyly at its milk-faced vis-a-vis, and at the side are the arms of the Netherlands and of Mecklenburg in high relief.

"Now, if it should be a girl, after all!" suggested your correspondent.

"Ah, well," replied the spokeswoman, after a painful pause; "if it's only a meekish girl, we must accept the inevitable with resignation."

"If it's only a 'meekish' girl," said another lady, "the children will be pleased, anyhow, as the event is always celebrated by elaborate pie-baking. A Princess would turn every house in Holland into a bake shop instantly, and for many weeks following we would have nothing but pie—apple, prune and orange pie—all sorts and conditions of pie."

"And if it's really a 'Krolleboil,' what will happen then?"

"If it's a 'Krolleboil,'" replied the ladies with one voice, "they" (meaning their husbands and brothers) "will all get drunk, every mother's son of them. They can't help it; it's the custom of the country."

Your correspondent had a foretaste of this custom when he visited the palace square in the evening, where troops of semicircular men constantly passed to have a look at Wilhelmina and shout wishes for her welfare at the top of their voice. There were deafening hurrahs whenever the Queen appeared on the balcony, and each of the demonstrations called for a wetting of the whistle. The saloons did a rushing trade, and everybody seemed happy.

## NO "STORE-BUGHT" CLOTHES.

Like the good Dutch fraus, all the Queens and Princesses of Europe, and probably some in other parts of the world, are busy providing for the little stranger—providing for him, for perchance, her! with their own royal hands; for Wilhelmina's court marshal informed his colleagues long ago that store presents would not be received.

"I will accept only gifts of love," said the little Queen; "my baby isn't to have any machine-stitched dainties if I can help it."

"But in this way you will receive only monstrosities," spoke up her mother; "for aside from ourselves and the Empress of Russia, there isn't a Queen in Christendom who can sew together a baby's nightgown. Yes, come to think of her, the young Queen of Italy might, for she was as poor as I when she was a girl."

"Monstrosities or not," answered Wilhelmina, "I will have self-made things or nothing. And if they are too grotesque, think of the fun we shall have at the expense of our cousins and sisters and sons!"

The remarks quoted are highly characteristic of Wilhelmina. No wonder old Kruger called her "the only man among European monarchs."

## HENDRICK NOT POPULAR.

The Dutch like to repeat this phrase, which at first seldom passed without a side hit for Duke Hendrick. Nowadays he is rarely mentioned by his wife's subjects. He is, perhaps, less popular than ever, owing to his acceptance of the Order of the Black Eagle from the Kaiser. His German Majesty, it will be remembered, gave the same decoration to Lord Roberts—"Butcher John"—the Dutch call him. In the meanwhile Hendrick is sporting around in the elaborate uniform of a Dutch Admiral, when he isn't hunting—which seems to be his only passion and pastime, to the great and constantly growing disgust of the Hollanders. Several parliamentarians actually proposed to introduce an interpellation in the States General protesting against Hendrick's Nimrodism, but postponed that pleasure.

On various occasions when the Queen and Hendrick were driving, I noticed an old lady riding a bicycle either at the side or before or behind the carriage.

"It's Inspector Batelt, Chief of the Secret Service and Detectives," explained a court official. "He usually masquerades in woman's dress when hunting or protecting big game."

LOUIS HENDRICKS.

## By the Fire.

File the onions higher—  
Let the snowflakes fall;  
Here's an old-time fire  
An' room enough for all!

—Exchange.



MISS BLANCHE BLACKBURN,  
Nine-Year-Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Blackburn, Elsberry,  
Mo., and Niece of Cash Blackburn of Jefferson City.

## CONFESSION OF A BASHFUL MAN.

"And you're not married yet?"  
"No; not yet. I've never been seriously inclined to the matrimonial altar since I was so badly smitten with Dolly's ticket. What did I do? Why, I had to buy her another. All of which goes to show what a goose a man can be when he's in love, or thinks he is."—Detroit Free Press.

## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"What do you want, little boy?"  
"Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"  
"Yes."  
"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"  
"He is an officer in the bank."  
"The Mr. Upjohn that went down on a trolley car this morning?"  
"I presume he went on a trolley car. What?"  
"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street-car accident?"  
"I haven't heard of his being in any street-car accident."  
"Didn't you hear 'at h'd sprained his ankle jumping out of the car when the train run into it in the bank?"  
"No, my little boy, you frightened me. What has—?"  
"Didn't you hear how he run into drug stores for a piece of court plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over the eye?"  
"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"  
"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"  
"Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?"  
"Yes, that's his name."  
"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stopping to have one of his teeth tight-bungled or h. All this time you can imagine what a goose a man can be when he's in love, or thinks he is."—Boston Traveler.

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can bear it now."  
"Well, ma'am, he's in the hospital with four ribs broke an' one leg's in a sling an' he's getting along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter what he's wrote me all about it, ma'am."—Boston Traveler.

A WAY OF THE WORLD.  
Aye! Life is a strenuous battle.  
Wherein men of every sort  
Engage, some emerging as victors  
While some just "regret to report."  
—Philadelphia Press.

## CATHEDRAL OF SOUTHERN METHODISM IN ST. LOUIS.

Plans for Increasing the Influence and Importance of Centenary Church Are Only Begun by the Completion of Magnificent Rebuilding of the House of Worship.



CENTENARY M. E. CHURCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, located at Sixteenth and Pine streets—one of the historic churches of St. Louis—has been refitted and refurbished at an expenditure of some \$35,000, and is now one of the handsomest and best equipped church structures in the city. New windows have been placed throughout the building, so that every auditorium and room is light and cheery. Thus equipped, it will be known henceforth as the cathedral of Southern Methodism in St. Louis. Bishop Galloway stated recently that it was the largest plant in the denomination.

The pastor of this church is the Reverend Doctor J. H. Young, who came from Baltimore three years ago, succeeding the Reverend Doctor John Matthews, and since that time the church has increased in membership until it has about 1,500 communicants. In the matter of contributions and assessments, it ranks second in the St. Louis Conference, and all its departmental

work is thoroughly organized. The attendance at the morning services will average almost 1,000, and at night it averages at least 1,200. All this, too, without any special services or sensational methods; for the pastor believes in preaching the "old, old gospel" with plainness and power. Consequently, there is a warmth and fervor in connection with all the services at Centenary that savors of the old-time enthusiasm of methodism.

Centenary Church was originally known as Fourth Street Church, but in 1829 it was changed to Centenary, in commemoration of the centennial of Methodism in this country. Its first permanent location was at the southwest corner of Fifth and Pine streets, where it remained until 1821. The corner stone of this structure was laid on May 19, 1821, and the church was dedicated May 28, 1821. The first regular pastor was the Reverend John H. Linn, who was succeeded in order by the Reverends John T. W. Auld, Joseph Boyle, Thomas H. Capers,

## Refitted Interior of Centenary Church.

W. H. Lewis, W. M. Prosser, J. C. Berryman, D. R. McNally, M. P. Treslow, E. M. Marvin, C. B. Parsons, John Whitaker, Evan Stephenson, E. M. Marvin, W. A. Smith, J. Boyle, T. A. Morris, W. A. Smith, C. N. D. Campbell, J. H. Linn, J. W. Lewis, C. N. D. Campbell, J. H. Linn, J. W. Lewis, and W. V. Tudor, who served eight years. Then followed Doctor John Matthews, four years; the Reverend B. Carradine, one year; the Reverend S. H. Werlein, two years and Doctor John Matthews, five years. Doctor Young, the present pastor, is now entering upon his fourth year, which promises to be the best of his pastorate, but, according to the law of Southern Methodism, which is as the law of the Medes and Persians, he will be obliged to remove to another pastorate at the close of the conference year.

The officers of Centenary Church are: Trustees, Murray Carlton, I. G. Baker, C. Anderson, Doctor J. M. Scott, J. H. Deems, George A. Baker, Richard Moore, W. E. Gray and J. R. Waddill; Box 3 of Stewards, George A. Baker, I. G. Baker, Murray Carlton, C. Anderson, J. H. Deems, W. E. Gray, Richard Moore, C. H. Latham, Henry Evans, T. P. Dement, M. B. Hooper, H. McDougal, J. C. Brown, C.



DOCTOR J. H. YOUNG, PASTOR OF CENTENARY CHURCH.

P. Emig, W. J. Phelan, Joseph Able, W. S. Baker, H. C. Mason, John Newbill, Frank Woods, E. J. Williams, H. M. McCurry, P. N. Clapp and C. E. De Vinney. The organist of the church is Mr. Charles Ohm, an able tenor soloist is Mr. Newell E. Vinson.

It is the purpose of the entire official board to secure an indorsement of probably \$100,000, the income from which will be sufficient to secure permanency and efficiency

for all time to come. Centenary Church, therefore, is destined to become more and more a great moral force in the downtown district, and the rallying center for the denomination to which it belongs. It is the intention to hold a general reception here to all the pastors and officers of the various denominations represented in the Evangelical Alliance, Tuesday evening, November 12, and unless Thanksgiving services will also be held here.